

Thinking of You

by Squid Senpai

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Summary: Carter x Kat OOC fluff, oneshot, mentions M stuff but doesn't go into detail. "She stole my heart, made me blush and sputter. All she did was smile at my blunders." In his final moments, Carter reflects on the relationship he had with Kat.

Thinking of You

****A/N: 'Sup readers! *waves at people on other end of the computer*****

****Are you ready for... Carter and Kat OOC fluff?*****

****I typed this in school just for the heck of it, and my friends liked it, so here you go.****

****JUN!****

****Jun: Yes...****

****Disclaimer, please****

****Jun: *sighs*****

****I WILL take away your sniper rifle.****

****Jun: NOT SNIPY! Mai Pintian doesn't own Halo or anything else you can recognize. NOW GIVE ME SNIPY!****

There was once a chance I thought I'd never take with her, something she and I would never even think of doing, and then we threw away our fears and did it anyways. I knew our relationship was very vanilla, that we weren't necessarily the closest of friends but not quite the farthest either. She and I were right in the middle. I always thought it was because she and I were so different, but now I see we are the

same. So maybe we both feel the same, if we know what to feel at all.

Kat wasn't one to joke around, I wasn't either. So why we fooled around that night escapes even me, but I'm sure that I have no regrets. I hope she doesn't either. I wish I knew what went through my mind before our lustful moments together, before that night that any other normal man would beg to have, but at the same time I'd rather leave the mysteriousness of it as a taste on my tongue as pleasant as her kiss.

Her kiss...

It was like a... well, there was nothing in the universe fit to describe it. Like an angel, that was the closest thing to it. It was delicate yet somewhat rough. Like she wanted to be sweet about it, but at the same time desired to get what she wanted from me.

She did get it.

She stole my heart, made me blush and sputter. All she did was smile at my blunders. Of course, she insulted me about it, it was just how Kat was, but it was more lighthearted. Soft. Kind. Rough. Like her kiss, tasting of strawberries, her favorite food, now mine as well.

Our relationship went too far too fast, but who was I to complain? I enjoyed having her lips on mine, her in my arms, her words ringing in my ears like a lovely melody. She was as much along for the ride as I was, and I hope she felt the same way.

The team? Well they were overjoyed at the aspect. It was nice to see our Kat finally be with someone, it was what we all wanted (especially if it was one of us, as I recall Emile saying one day.) Now, since we were Noble, we joked around about it.

"Gotten some action lately?" Emile would chuckle every morning.

I usually said no, but eventually I stopped responding. He got the message as if I yelled it in his ears. Kat and I were not his business.

Jorge, that wise old man (in truth, he was like the brother-father to us all), never joked about it too much. He used some terms we didn't know, such as "Getting to the farm first" (probably a phrase from Reach), but other than that, he gave rather nice advice. I thought it was weird, he was a Spartan II, why would he have any love experience? Turns out he was madly in love with, and dating, Noble Six the whole time.

How could I not have seen this? What else was hidden from my usually prying eyes? That was the day I learned Kat was blinding me with my own affection, whether we knew it or not, we were madly and blindly in love.

We were fools.

Noble Six (I wish she or Jorge would tell me her name) made quite a good band aid for Thom, perhaps even making her own mark on us. She was cheerful and good natured, quite witty too. She was like another

Jorge, only younger and much more feminine. Her laugh was something we usually heard, and we had yet to hear something negative from her.

Jun was the member of the team that used hilarious and shockingly appropriate jokes about the relationships around him. "Man, I gotta get some," he would say randomly for no reason, earning a few chuckles. We were honestly confused about his gender preference. I think we all knew, but were too afraid or embarrassed to accept it. His obsession with Emile was worrying, especially considering Emile was as straight as a stick, but sticks could break easily, and now I worry he will fall into the same trap I did.

I was a fool to fall into Kat's trap.

I stared at the ruffled sheets next to me this morning, cold and empty. She was there only a night ago. The last night together was the best, in my opinion. We had no idea Jorge had died that same night. Sometimes I make myself blush at the thought of his spirit watching over us, but he wouldn't do that. He would know anyways, even if he hadn't heard us.

The next day, after the news, Kat and I caught each other's eyes. Sorrow was obviously there, but there was also a hint of "Why on that night, of all nights?" We mostly argued on the last day. I think I made her cry.

Kat never cried.

I heard soft sniffles coming from her helmet, the helmet she never took off that day until the hour of her death. I felt guilty, I should never do that to my kitten, but yet I did.

That chance we took on the night of his death was separating us.

A little before her death, I managed to convince her to remove her helmet. Her blue eyes were filled with tears. Guilt, already inside me, began to grow even larger. I couldn't help it. I kissed her, right in front of the team, and didn't care at all.

She stole my heart and took it with her.

When I saw her fall, I shattered into billions of pieces. Just after Jorge, the witty and amazing Spartan II, died, my beloved Kat died too. No anger, no sorrow, nothing could compare to what I felt then. Nothing.

I stood afar and watched Emile carry her corpse. She looked asleep, like on that one boring mission so long ago that she fell asleep on, making us carry her back to the base.

My Kat, my angel, strong sweet and rough, was dead.

Now, I am half dead myself, ready to meet the afterlife. This is a chance I'm willing to take, as long as she is there along for the ride.

Who knows? Maybe they'll have some fresh strawberries there too. My last thought put a smile on my face, and I welcomed the sudden heat that tore through-

End
file.